

The Miner.

ESTABLISHED IN 1864.

J. H. MARION, Editor.

Prescott, Arizona Territory.

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 29, 1868.

McCormick and His Organ, Again.

Having taken it for granted that, in all human probability, Richard C. McCormick, Governor of this Territory, would be our next Delegate at Washington City, we have, from motives that may be easily divined by the people of the Territory, refrained, since the result of the contest was made known to us, from noticing the man and his clique of shoddyites, except upon occasions when it became actually necessary for us to do so, and in spite of an inward monitor that keeps constantly telling us to unmask the windy hypocrite, we would not now say one word about him, were it not for the abuse and vilification heaped upon us by his organ—that dingy, disreputable, lying, senseless newspaper abortion—the Tucson *Arizonian*, the ostensible editor of which belongs to and is entirely controlled by the Governor and his clique.

Those who know us will bear witness to the fact that it is not our nature to quarrel with and try to injure any man or set of men, but knowing the hypocrisy, deceit, meanness of soul and grasping ambition of our Governor, and occupying the position of a public journalist, our duty to God, our readers and the Territory compelled us to labor earnestly for his defeat at the ballot-box, and we leave it to those who know and have watched his personal and political career in this Territory to judge whether or not we have been too severe upon him.

It is now nearly three months since the election took place, and during all that time, the crawling drones who run the *Arizonian* have been gathering bile, gall and wormwood sufficient, in their opinions, to forever lay us out cold. But their vials of wrath have been emptied upon our head, and have not hurt us the least mite. The animus of their attacks is too plain, vituperative and virulent, and no honest, sensible man believes a word they say. Instead of injuring us, the virus will flow back into the festering carcasses of the hirelings who emitted it.

No doubt, we are an obstruction in the path of McCormick and his satellites, else they would not fill one whole page of the organ with misrepresentation and abuse of us. The *Miner* is above and beyond their reach, and, with God's help, it will live and flourish long after McCormick and Co., will have left the Territory for the Territory's good, notwithstanding the assertions and wishes of its puny rival.

We had thought that the great Territory of Arizona was large enough for two small newspapers, but it seems McCormick and his organ do not think so; they want the *Miner* to die, in fact, say it is dead, or dying now, but, somehow or other, nobody but the clique can see it. They want to re-establish the "dark age," when but one paper was published in the Territory, and that one was owned and edited by His Excellency, but that time will never return again.

After direct offers of bribes, honeyed words of soft soldier and childish imitations failed to secure our support for His Excellency, he waxes wrath and threatens us with the fate of the *La Paz Gazette*, immediately, if not sooner, when he says, through his organ, that he intends to treat the *Miner* just as he treated that paper while it lived,—with silent contempt. Why don't he do it, then? Does he recollect how mean, low-flung and cowardly he treated the *Gazette* after he became satisfied that it was dead? If not, we do. He rushed to his sanctum, searched for and found a couplet which, he thought, suited the case exactly, rushed back to the office and passed it to the foreman, while his usually downcast eyes and sallow visage glittered and glared with delight at the ruin of a brother editor, who was moreover an honest, honorable, industrious young man. Lacking the manliness to combat its charges while living, he was not slow to give its editor a stab when no means of defence were left him. But the vile viper and his minions need not look for such a result to befall the *Miner* soon, unless they hire some black-hearted scoundrel to burn it.

We will now take up, in detail, and dispose of the falsehoods, slanders, etc., which fill nearly all the reading columns of the *Arizonian* of the 11th inst.

"Before the election the plan of the *Miner* was to originate some outrageous falsehood, and argue against the Governor therefrom in a manner at once plausible and infamous, with an apparent purpose to deceive with cool, atrocious deliberation. It is not so cool in its deceptions since election but just as unscrupulous. For instance, an attempt is made in the number for June 27—to show that because the Governor did not carry Yavapai, Mohave or Yuma counties, he is not popular with the people and has no occasion to be proud of his vote."

The organ forgets to tell its readers that the Governor failed to carry Pab-Ute county, too, but that is quite natural, as by doing so it would also add its testimony to the Governor's unpopularity among the white people of the Territory. We defy McCormick, the balance of the scribblers for the organ, and the corrupt gang who draw inspiration from him to disprove the charges made against him. Every man of sense in the Territory knows that his Excellency is unpopular wherever he is known, and but for his selling out on the capital question to Pima county, the aid of the military south of the Gila, the assistance of the Steamboat Company, Hooper & Co., and Mexican "voters" from Sonora, he would not now be in possession of the certificate. He is popular only with the Mexicans, and if they only knew his real sentiments for their race his popularity would soon be at a low ebb among them. People outside of the Territory will understand how easy it was for Governor McCormick to get seven or eight hundred votes from a people who do not understand our language, who are not citizens, and who march up to the polls to vote just as their white herders desire.

The poor, ignorant dupes were led to believe that, should Rush be elected, the white people north of the Gila would drive them out of the Territory; that we were dogs and

coyotes—poor, miserable thieves—too lazy to work, and fit for nothing but to steal, whittle and chew tobacco! The demagogue had just returned to Tucson from a tour of the Territory, and knowing his case to be a hopeless one, he set to work to fire the Mexican heart against his own race.

The organ next undertakes to cover up the shameful manner by which its idol secured his election, by falsely asserting that "Pima county has as much population as all the other counties in the Territory combined." Strange that old and truthful residents of Tucson should have told Mr. Rush, when he was there, that there were not over 400 legal voters in the county, and stranger still, that 1020 votes were cast before the county quit voting. Where did all these voters come from, if not from Sonora?

It then falsely charges us with saying that McCormick used to charge too much for doing the Government printing, and says that when we settled with Secretary Carter for printing for the late Legislature, we got the same prices formerly paid McCormick, and grumbled because we could not receive more. There is some truth in this charge. We did find fault with the price paid us for printing the "bills," which was not enough, but the *Miner* has never said a word about McCormick's charges against Government, for it does not know how much his charges were, except what he himself told us about them, and knowing him as well as we do, we dare not believe anything he says, for the reason that he has not always told us the truth. We have said that he charged ungodly prices for work done by him for this county, and, also, for the Territory, and we say so again. If the Governor does not court a ventilation that would not redound to his honor and honesty, his organ would do him great service by keeping mum on the subject of printing.

The sheet denies that the vote of Tucson was counted in secret, but its denial amounts to nothing. We have the word of Mr. Rush that it was so counted, and his word is better than some people's oaths.

The "ostensible," or whoever wrote this great defence of the Governor, after charging this paper with all sorts of "lowness and scurrility," waxes valiant, and shows his nasty nature when he calls us a "cowardly villifier." Now, we are no fighters, on the contrary we know we are a little timid, but for fear this "fellow" might think we are afraid of him, we hereby inform him that we will try and muster enough courage to face the music whenever it suits his convenience.

The *Arizonian* is continually prating about our hatred of, and "low flings" (its stereotyped phrase) at the people of Pima county. Now, we have said some things we should not have said, but have never said as much as De Long and McCormick. Remember, Mr. DeLong, that you have said that gamblers, thieves, robbers, etc., ruled the roost in Tucson, and that they should be driven out. We have never copied an item from your paper, to the effect that monte, faro, whisky, etc., alone contributed to the prosperity of Tucson, and sneeringly asked, "were all these things necessary to the success of Tucson?" but the Governor has. The *Miner* copies, frequently, items relating to the advancement of Tucson and Pima county, from your paper, but you never do so by the *Miner* and its section. The *Miner* has gone to you in exchange, but the *Arizonian* has not come in return. Now, once for all, we tell you that we have nothing against the people of Pima county; your representatives beat us out of the capital by buying up the Governor and some members of the Legislature; they have defeated the wishes of a majority of the white people of the Territory by electing a base man to Congress, yet we and our people forgive you and yours. The Territory is plenty large to hold the people of Pima and Yavapai counties, and for patience sake stop this demagogical claptrap, and let each section work out its own salvation without having to wage war with the other as well as with the Apache. We do not wish to keep up the wrangle; McCormick is elected, and should be accomplished anything for the good of the Territory, we will give him credit for it. We publish a newspaper, for subscribers; you publish an organ for one man and his clique, and we suppose he pays you for filling all your space with praise of him; you have a good thing, no doubt, but then, you know, "your word is not your own" while you do so, and if you would take a little friendly advice you would let Richard paddle his own canoe, and fill your very small paper with clippings from the *Miner*, if you can't write, and you will have more subscribers, and need not threaten the few you have with exposure of their names in your columns for not paying their subscription. When you fall in love don't tell your readers about it, they will laugh at you and say you are "soft." Don't try to injure the *Miner* by saying that we have cut down the size of the paper, raised the price of subscription and advertising. When you talk this way people are apt to pronounce you a fool and say it is jealousy that inspires such "low flings." You must know, as well as do our readers, that when we bought the *Miner*, out of sixteen columns of advertising in it, but one-half column was what printers call "live ads," and that exchanges, dead-headers and all, there were but seventy-five names on the subscription book. You must also know that when Governor McCormick fixed his prices the paper was published but twice a month, and besides, he printed it for glory, to defend "his administration," abuse the military, back Congress in one issue and praise the President in the next. Then, "lo!l" man, and "original Republican," as he says he is and always has been, he courted the Democracy and "was very sweet on Southern men," besides, you know, he wanted the *Miner* to puff himself, and to use it for an "imprint" to the laws printed in San Francisco, out of which he always managed to make a nice little dab of money—out of pure patriotism and love for his "busted" country. Then, again, you know, our paper is printed upon white paper, and contains, every week, twice as much reading matter as yours does, which is read by four times as many people as read your paper. We have paying subscribers in Tucson; you have none in Prescott, but you have several dead-head subscribers here, and no doubt, they write you those truthful letters, extracts from which you publish. Hoping that you and all other blind pups in Pima county will soon have your eyes opened and see "Lumber Dick" as others see him, we will send up a prayer for your conversion to the main path of virtue, honor and truth.

Letter from Willow Grove.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE MINER.]

CAMP WILLOW GROVE, Arizona, Aug. 18.

EDITOR ARIZONA MINER: It may interest your readers to know that a branch of the Wallapai tribe has made overtures for peace. Such is the case. Chief Leve-we-we, lately sent an embassy of three squaws to Fort Mohave, to inform Col. Price that he had had plenty of fight, and now desired peace. Accordingly, a conference will be held between Col. Price and this Sachem, at Wallapai Springs, Thursday next, which will probably result in this peace, and his followers, going to the Colorado, where they will be kept secure.

There seems to be a split in the tribe, as Wallapai Charley and Scherani are still on the fight. Yet these notorious bush-whackers know full well that their lives would not be safe under any treaty that would admit our old pioneers to get a bead on them, hence they will go for the last ditch.

On the Colorado—Mr. Wade is rapidly pushing forward the work of putting up his mill and hopes to be crushing quartz by the first of October. Mr. Oles of San Francisco, owner of a ten story mill that has been standing idle at El Dorado Canyon the past two years, is actively engaged in getting out ore from the "Teachitup" mine, and putting his mill in condition to work it. These mining operations have awakened new life on the river—and every one is not seemingly "waiting for the railroad." Mining operations will soon be resumed in the Sacramento District, and, in short, Mohave county will "come out." This is as "sure as shooting." A.E.D.

From Lieutenant Reese, Charles Spencer and John Funk, who came in from the Willows last week, we learned some further particulars in relation to the proposed offer of peace by the Wallapai; also, in regard to mining and other matters relating to the welfare and prosperity of Mohave county. These gentlemen informed us that the Indian women told Colonel Price, the commander of the District, that the noted Wallapai chief, Waua-Yuma, was killed in the fight the Indians had last winter with Captain Young and command, and that Hitch-hitch-ee, and another chief, were slain in battle by Lieutenant Hassen's command, in the fight that took place near Fort Rock. The killing of these scoundrels is glorious news for the whites of this region, and were Scherani and Wallapai Charley in the same boat with the dead murderers and assassins, the news would be still more glorious. But, if the Wallapai, Charley and all, are desirous of peace, we believe in letting them have it, notwithstanding the enormity of their crimes. Of late, they have not committed any act of hostility have not even attempted to steal stock, and it was the opinion of the gentlemen alluded to that they "see the handwriting on the wall." There are two companies of cavalry stationed at the Willows—ready to hunt them down like dogs as soon as winter sets in. Every man in one of these companies (K) knows every trail, spring and stream in the Wallapai country, and under such officers as Captain Young, and Lieutenant Reese, and guided by so able and valiant a guide as Dan O'Leary has proved himself to be in previous campaigns against them, their show for life, should they not speedily succumb, will be slim indeed.

From the river, the news is of the most cheering kind. Fifty men who came from San Francisco, are at work in El Dorado Canyon Mining District, and it now looks as though Mohave county had entered upon a new era of industry, energy and prosperity.

Mr. Hardy has had built and placed upon the river, a large ferry-boat capable of crossing, entire, a ten mule team. Mr. Jas. P. Bell informs us by letter, that a new opposition steamer was expected at Hardyville this month, to ply upon the upper waters of the Colorado. We wish her success, and hope she may be the forerunner of a line of steamers that will yet supply Utah, Dakota and part of Colorado with articles needed by them, from the mouth of the Colorado.

A BLEX PASSED OUT AND EXPOSED.—Everybody recollects what a tremendous blow was made and excitement created last fall and winter about the fabulously rich "Sweetwater mines." Well, a great many people believed every yarn they read about them, became excited, and put out in hot haste for the bogus Dorado. Not a few people threw up good paying jobs in this part of Arizona, and struck a bee-line for the Mecca, who now wish they were back again. We have now before us three letters from former residents of this county, who have gone through the Sweetwater mill, and seen the elephant. One of these letters is from Mr. Harrison Schnall to Mr. Geo. Curtiss, of this place, in whose employ Mr. Schnall was when he became stricken with the fever. Schnall writes from Green River City, Dakota Territory, under date of July 5th, 1868. After enquiring about his old friends and asking Mr. C. to write to him and inform him how matters here, he says he prospectured all over the "diggings" and found nothing that would pay, so he started on the back track and may be looked for here this winter. At one time there were 30,000 men in the mines, but now there are not fifty, but the speculators say they "expect another big emigration soon." A man cannot get board for his labor in that country, and thousands of men were in a starving condition.

Tuesday's mail brought us a letter from an old Arizonian, Billy Short, who got off the track and switched himself into Dakota. Billy had on a big disgust at the country when he penned this letter, and swore, as only he can swear, that he was going to make a desperate effort to get out of the poor, God-forsaken region before winter. He winds up as follows: "Tell the boys to remain where they are; Arizona is a pretty good country for a poor man, after all."

The next and last letter is from J. Walker Williams to Sheriff Moore. Mr. Williams left here over two years ago, and was one of the first pilgrims that arrived at Sweetwater. He is now perfectly satisfied with the Northern country, and will return here as soon as possible. We may publish his letter next week.

THE ARIZONIAN gets tangled up in every issue. In the number dated August 1st, it howls piteously for more troops in one article, to protect life and property. In another column, it pitches into Cook & Shaw, mail contractors between Santa Fe and Tucson for not carrying the mail regularly, and says "Indian hostilities will be given as an excuse, but they are not sufficient to deter enterprising men." Be consistent, DeLong, and don't allow yourself to get tangled up so. You know that "it is dangerous to be safe" anywhere on the road from Mesilla to Tucson.

Letter from Tonto Valley.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF ARIZONA MINER.]

TONTO VALLEY, Yavapai County, Arizona, July 13th, 1868.

Scouting is the order of the day in these parts. Early this month, the Pimas took the field and scouted, in all directions, over hills, mesas and cactus patches, with the expectation of catching the Apache fruit-gathering. About 12 miles above this camp, on the Rio Verde, they killed two Apaches, and smoked six more, who got in to a cave. They then returned, and on the 5th inst., with companies E and I, of the Cavalry, proceeded up Salt River, to Big Rump's canyon home, where they killed one Indian. The canyon, being too rough for horses, and also, too steep for men to get down it, was not entered. The Indian whom they shot fell a distance of one hundred feet, before stopping. Chief Antonio, who commands the Pimas, is a gentleman, and a bold, dashing warrior. He is ambitious of exterminating Big Rump and his followers, and will do so before long, or loose his hair.

July 3d, at this camp, the Apaches jumped the herd, which was guarded by 14 soldiers. The Indians numbered 200, 15 of whom were mounted. Their chief, Delachaye, had taken position during the night, having hid his "cavalry" behind a bluff, and his infantry in the brush, which was thick all around. Here he waited patiently, the coming of the herd, and took no notice of a wagon and six men that passed through. The herd was driven down soon after, and look-outs were posted, as usual, some of whom stirred up the Reds, who yelled like forty, and opened fire upon the soldiers, with muskets, pistols and arrows. The soldiers replied, briskly; the brush being thick—the men fought the Indians in their own style. The miles of the herders acted like mules, and stood still, so their riders had to dismount and hold on to the herd, on foot. The mules broke away from the herders, were captured by the Indians, but were afterwards recovered. While they were being driven back, the mounted Reds charged between them and the cattle, and succeeded in driving the mules off for good. The men held on to the cattle, until the arrival of the working party, when the Indians were driven off, and pursued sixty miles, without being overtaken. During the fight, Delachaye, the chief, who fought like a warrior, went for a herder, shot him off his mule, and was about to mount when the herder opened fire. A pistol duel ensued, the result of which was that the chief got the mule and the herder got away. Three Indians were killed, and eight wounded.

The soldiers in camp heard the firing, and wanted to take a hand in it, but were fettered with red tape, and could not do so—no man being allowed to fight without being properly dressed. This kid-glove, brass-polishing soldiering may do in other places, but rough and ready action is what is wanted here. Fighting can be done in shirt sleeves just as well as in blouses, but then, they want a man to die by "numbers." The commanding officer did everything in his power to recover the stock, but it was no go. The stockade is finished and we will soon move forward, or backward; can't say which. Yours, ANTI-NUMBERS.

MARION brags about doing all his own writing, but we have it from several sources that he seldom writes other than short items, and that one Christie does the elegant editorials. Said Christie being a personal enemy of the Governor, which will account for his bitterness.—Geo. McCormick in *Arizonian*.

Marion never bragged about it, but if, as you seem to think, there is any merit to be derived from the authorship of "the editorials," he rightfully claims that merit, and all who know anything about the inside arrangements of the *Miner* office know that he is entitled to it. Mr. Christie is now in Tucson, and we venture to assert that he will make affidavit to the fact that Marion has written, and does write all his own editorials. Dr. Alsop, an old editor and printer, who was at work in the office when "the elegant editorials" spoken of were written and printed, will also testify that Marion wrote them, and that nobody but Marion writes long or short editorials for the *Miner*, not but that there may be men here who can do as good writing. As long as our name stands at the head of the paper, you may be certain that we will not let any outside talent on you, feeling entirely competent to handle all three of you without gloves, and without much effort. Mr. Christie edited the paper for us one week, while we were at Wickenburg. That's all.

OFFICIAL RETURNS.—The long-looked for official returns of the election have played in this Territory on the 6th of June last, have been published. What an awful long time it has taken to cook and count them! The *Arizonian* goes into ecstasies over the result, and sports a large-sized flag at the head of its editorial columns. A government wagon, loaded with soldiers' rations, and a crowd of half-rational California Volanteers in the distance, would have been a more appropriate emblem for to have raised over the success of its "statesman." We have not space, this week, to give the vote of the counties, separately. For Delegate, McCormick received 1,363; Rush, 644, Adams, 186. We will here remark that fully one-half the votes cast for Governor McCormick were illegal.

RAIDERS are being turned out of doors in Illinois. At the recent city and town elections the Copperheads carried everything before them. What will become of the Union, if Union men can't remain in office! "Whither are we drifting?" Oh Fortney, oh Butler, oh Stevens! The people are regaining their senses, and Mongrellism will go to the dogs or to South America.

BEFORE the election, the McCormick clique were very sweet on the Superintendent of Indian Affairs for this Territory, Mr. Dent, but since Mac got the certificate, the old spirit crops out and the Superintendent receives a shot whenever an opportunity offers. O. two-facedness.

A ROMAN & Co., publishers, San Francisco, have favored us with copies of the second number of the "Overland Monthly," and "California Medical Gazette," for which the firm will please accept our thanks. The "Overland" should have a large circulation in Arizona, and we hope heads of families, and those who intend to become such, will subscribe for it immediately. It is fully as good as any eastern Magazine.

LA PORTE, Pima County, California, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 9th inst. It is the same La Porte that used to be in Sierra County, it was burned down before in '60.

STICK.—We are sorry to learn that Wm. H. Ford, formerly of Prescott, and now of Long Island, New York, was, at last accounts, dangerously ill.

CATCHES THEM ALL.—The Governor has appointed Henry Jenkins, Notary Public for Pima county. Mr. Jenkins was a member of the Fourth Legislature, and is said to be a very good lawyer. He was formerly opposed to McCormick.

Prescott Advertisements.

PIONEER DRUG STORE.

Prescott, Arizona.

On hand and for sale,—

Hall's Balsam for the Lungs,
TOWNSEND'S Sarsaparilla,
AYER'S
Bristol's
Hall's
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
Aque Cure,
Onsop's India Cholagogue,
Brown's Jamaica Ginger,
Perry Davis's Pain Killer,
Goodale's Catarrh Remedy,
Brooks's Bronchial Troches,
Lyons's Pulmonic Waters,
Dr. Devine's Pitch Lotion,
Knox's Cough
Jayne's Patent Medicines.

And, in fact, a full assortment of all the Patent Medicines usually found in drug stores.
Toilet Soaps, Fancy Articles, Perfumery,
And a large supply of Dispensing Medicines,
N. B.—Physicians' prescriptions carefully and accurately compounded.
E. DARLING.
Prescott, April 23, 1868.

WORMSER & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Merchants,
LA PAZ and PRESCOTT, Arizona.

...DEALERS IN...

Groceries, Provisions, Clothing, Boots, Shoes,
Liquors, Crockery, Hardware, Farming
and Mining Implements, etc.,

CALL THE ATTENTION OF THEIR OLD
pioneer friends and the public generally to
their new and splendid assortment of goods,
recently purchased, by one of the firm, in San Francisco, and now on hand at their stores in La Paz and Prescott.

Give us a call and see for yourselves. We are not selling for ruinous prices; our motto is not "Live and Let Live."
Our stock in La Paz is acknowledged by all who have seen and examined it, to be
THE LARGEST AND BEST

Assortment of goods ever brought to that place. Merchants, farmers, miners and others, wishing to purchase goods, would do well to give us a call, before purchasing elsewhere.
WORMSER & CO.
my16 La Paz and Prescott, Arizona.

E. J. COOK,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

Groceries, Provisions,
Clothing, Dry-Goods,
Boots and Shoes,
Crockery, Clocks,
Iron, Nails, Quicksilver,
Tobacco Cigars, etc.,

Is prepared to furnish the people all kinds of

Merchandise, for Cash,

At reasonable rates, at the

ADOBE STORE,

Corner of Granite and Gurley Streets.
Prescott, Arizona, June 27, 1868. J.C.T.

GRAY & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MERCHANTS,

At La Paz, Wickenburg and Prescott,
...DEALERS IN...

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, CLOTHING, etc.

Wish to call attention to the large assortment of

Hardware,

Now on hand at their Store in Prescott. J.C.T.

WARM AND COLD BATHS

...TO BE HAD AT THE...

Montezuma Shaving and Hair
Dressing Saloon,

In Montezuma Hall, Montezuma Street, Prescott.

SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING, etc., in the most approved manner.
THEODORE OTTO.

C. JACKSON & Co.,

Montezuma Street, Prescott.

WE HAVE JUST ARRIVED FROM
San Francisco with a large assortment of LIQUORS, which we offer for sale at reduced prices, for cash, at our sample rooms, where Joe and Sol, the handsomest and most men in town, will always be on hand to dispense liquors in the most approved style.
CHAMPAGNE on draft. We never sleep out. F.S.—Joe has now another attraction besides his "Purp."
C. JACKSON & Co.
Prescott, June 5, 1868.

NEW ARRANGEMENT!

GOOD FRENCH BREAD,
EXCELLENT PIES, CAKES, etc.

Made by Carlo Lopez, a first-class baker and pastry-cook, late of Hermosillo, Sonora, will be on hand and for sale,
AT SCHROEDER'S BAKERY.

Montezuma Street, Prescott, on and after Sunday, August 16, 1868. ANTONIO VIVANUELA CARLO LOPEZ.
Prescott, August 15, 1868.

I. O. O. F., Arizona Lodge, No. 1

REGULAR MEETINGS
of this Lodge on Wednesday evenings, at Masonic Hall.
Members of the order, in good standing, are invited to attend.
A. O. NOYES, N. G.
E. DARLING, Rec. Sec.